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VOL 6. NO. 136.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUGUST 2,

1862.

HENRY J. RAYMOND,

TRYING TO GO AHEAD WITH THE "TIMES."

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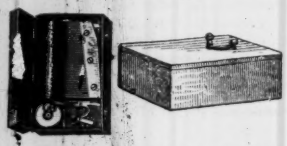

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XUM

NEMESIS.

Stout Frenchman.—"HA! HA! HAVE I CATCH YOU ZIS TIME? YOU ARE ZE LEETLE RASCALE VICH CALL OUT GO-RIL-LA VEN I VALK MYSELF OUT OF ZE DOORS!"

Ram Away!

THE daily papers announce in large capitals, "Another Ram at Savannah," but what we want to hear about is Another Ram at Richmond, and one well rammed home at that.

Motto for the Watering-Place Belles and Beaux.

"HOP" deferred maketh the heart sick!

Preposterous.

THE laborers on the Lehigh Canal have struck for higher wages. Taking into consideration the name of the work upon which they are employed, this is very unreasonable, and justifies us in remarking that the laborers are not worthy of their Higher.

On a Lark.

"WATCH that poor skylark in his cage," said VALENTINE; "what a reverse for one born to boundless acres thus to be cribbed in a prison containing hardly more, perhaps, than ——"

"A couple of Perches," put in ORSON.

See Here!

Q. WHAT is the most noticeable difference between a shell bursting on board ship and a haberdasher patronized by dissipated young men?

A. The one rakes the Decks, while the other decks the Rakes.

Fresh from the Spa.

MAY not a person who has benefited much by chalybeate waters be described as enjoying a state of chalybeatitude?

AN ANECDOTE FOR CURRENCY.

WE maintain upon our jocund staff a Special Echo, which sometimes says very good things indeed. Here is one of the latest and best of its ebullitions:

Miss BLOOMONTHERYE was giving us an account of a picnic excursion enjoyed by her lately. "Only think," said she, in her laughing, lillyducky way, "young SIDNEY PORCUPLE made his appearance, quite innocently, with a one-cent postage-stamp stuck upon his nose! They are such nasty, awkward things, these horrid postage-stamps! How funny he looked! how blue his nose with it!"

"Blue his nose with it!" broke in our Special Echo.

TRUE SONS OF MALT—AH!

THE brewers of this city lately held a meeting at the Astor House; but what they met for, why they met there, and a good many other things in connection with their caucus, must ever remained veiled to the outside world, seeing that reporters were excluded from the scene. As there were no ladies on hand, we hardly suppose that the secret committee could have transacted anything in the way of Hops, while, for the same reason, but little, if anything, could have been done with regard to attacks upon Hoops—articles of great importance to brewers, and a tax upon which would, of course, be deprecated by them with vigor. If these gentlemen intend sitting upon their casks, again, in caucus-meeting, we take the liberty of suggesting to them that the Cooper Institute is an appropriate place for them to ferment their Vat-icinations in.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADES OF BOSTON.

FEW studies are more entertaining than that of characters made up of antagonistic elements, and such a character, indeed, is the one enjoyed by Boston. Not long since, we had the pleasure of recording the introduction of religious crackers into that moral, if slightly musty, city. Last week—the pious crackers having grown stale, perhaps—the good people of Boston backslid into the abomination of horse-racing, at which wicked exhibition we are told that "over 3000 spectators were present, including the *élite* of the city and vicinity." Still later, we see by the Boston papers that "laughing-gas" has cut out both the pious-cracker and the profane horse-jockey excitement; and we should not be surprised to hear, next week, that Boston Common is going to be fixed up us a Mahometan Paradise, where the solid men of that city will spend the remainder of their days in playing euchre and drinking hascheesh juleps. Meantime, the worst we wish for good old Boston is, that if anything should happen to it in consequence of too severe a debauch upon pious crackers, the Turf may lie lightly upon its revered corpus.

Best Slippers for Walking into Rebellion with.

LIST.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

NO. IV.

VANITY FAIR:—One of our frens look over our shoulder the other day an sed:—"Mr. Tucker, it doos seem to me that you aint in the right place in that cabbage patch. I hed rather see a pen in your hand than that hoe. We miss your leaden' editorials wery much. We bev only one weakly male in our place, and are eenamost starved eout for war news. The people of Green-Grass will be sorry, and I guess they be neöw, that they let the Wiggletonian newspaper fall through. Oh, why didn't it cirkelate! Why didn't it cirkelate!"

We kept on hoein'.

"The press," sed he, "is a mighty engine, Mr. Tucker, and will prewail. I wisht we hed a found that eout while you wuz editor. It doos seem to me that paps ef you had written some articles to prove that it was a mighty engine, then they would have thought it *wus* a mighty engine. There's good many things we don' know what they are, till we aint got 'em. The press cant think, but it can set the hull wurruld a-thinking."

We kept on hoein'.

"The press cant inwent any idees, but when they are inwented they couldn't get along without it."

We kept on hoein'.

"You was sometimes put sharp in writin'. You were too independen' to suit 'em. Trëuth is winegar to some folks. Tisn't oil, 'taint honey, taint balm o' Gilead, taint sparmacity; dont appear to agree with their naturs."

We kept on hoein'.

"You never been sent to Congress. Reason why? Because you bin awerse to party men an' party measures. The best way not to get an office is to be qualified for it. Friend Tucker, the politicians hev ruined the kentry. Every man for hisself, and there's no harmony among them."

"Harmony!" sez we, almost puttin our hoe behind our ear 's if it was a pen, "we will tell you suthin. We've read it or we've heered tell of it. Onct there was a man who was put' smart fel' to make musick, but he warnt good for nuffin else, he dint kno' nuffin else, an' he wouldn't do nuffin else. But he want to make musick eout of every thing. Wery good. We've ofting tried to do the wery same thing, my dear fren', because we're chuck-full of love to our feller critturs, jullike natur makes it eout of fethyered songsters, stars, tree tops, waterfalls an' so on. This man play wery well onto the juice-harp. Take some glasses and get a tune out of em. Pull leaf off tree, blow onto the edges, and make music. Take parcel stuns, pick up somewhar, ring on em with a hammer an' play Yankee Doodle. What d'yer think he done next?"

"Cant tell yer," sez the other. "Guess he took a wiolin by way of wariety and combed it dëown in aarnest. He got some cat-gut ——"

"No he didn't. He got some *cats*."

"I warnt t' know!"

"Certingly. Got some cats. Most independen creaturs tever wuz in the world. Wont do nuffin that you tell em to. Went to his nabors, some forty on em, with a big bag, and sed to em lend me your cat. 'What for?' sed they. He sed he wanted them for mëousin'. Then he took them cats and fasten 'em down in a row all reglar. Then he got some forty-piano keys, and he tied the cat tails to the gamut keys arter he had trod onto 'em, so 's to get the pitch. 'Nëow,' sez he, 'ladies and gennelmen, were a goin' to hev a feast, part wocal and part instrumental. The strictest silence will be obsarved so 's not to disturb the performin' folks while the concert is goin' on.' One ole tom cat, fur put' much gone, and ony one eye, he got him arrange for B flat, another for C sharp, we blieve they call it, and so on, every one in his place, as many notes as what there wud be in an ornary sized tune. Arter a while he got the masheen fixed about right so 's he thought it wud work put' nigh 's well 's a new paytent dog-chëurn. Then he begun tunin up a little. That med the këats mad. All to onct their eyes turn green, their fur riz up, they screouge one another, they spit, and they choke, an' so on. 'All right!' sed he, 'screwed up to concert pitch!'—an' he wave his hand to the boys an' geirls to keep silence. Then he sot dëown an' began to play with a will. Fust he touch the off key with the tip eend of 's little finger—make a pause an' keount three—then he hit the nigh key with 's tother thumb, make a pause an' keount twenty-five—then he trotted arëound put smart with all 's fingers, then he fiddle-de-diddle-de-dee'd a spell, wery delicate, an' kept a crossin his arms like a saw-buck—then he ranticumscouted up an' down—then he lift his arms above 's head, sprawl out his fingers, an' suddenly dig em right into the keys with gret wiolence, and with a simultaneous yell from the performin' folks which was like spit-fire, camp-fire and a managerry all mixt up—he throw his head back, roll his eyes reound, skin his teeth, then gaze up into the hevings as ef he see an angel's bed quilt hung out to dry. Then at it again—thump!—thump!—slam-bang!—race-horse metre!—right and left!—cross over!—no let up!—one hand, both hand!—black keys, white keys!—big keys, little keys!—bang! bang! bang!—thunder and lightning!—drums a beatin! cannons firein! fire works blazin! sound o' musketry and wild beasts in the distance!—critturs pulled!—mad as fury!—ease up a little!—tiddle-de-diddle-de-dee!—now for it—wery much excited—shirt collar way up—*grand finally*—slam-bang—slam-bang—slam-bang——SMASH. And with that the tails come off, the rups broke, and the cats run. Oh dear! oh dear! it was a shef doover if ever there wuz one. He sot bolt upright, an' look reound, all kivered with swear. We guess there was considdabul exercise into it. Playin 's put' smart work arter all.

"'Nëaow,' sez he, 'what tune was that?'

"One said it was DURANG's horn-pipe.

"Another sed it was General JACKSON's Grand March down to Norleans.

"Another that it was the gret battle of Prague.

"Another sed that it was n't treatin the cats well.

"Another sed that there wuz no tune into it.

"'Jus' so,' sed the executioner, 'some bull-frog for bass would a bin an improvement, with a few owls for *tremulo*, and a jackal or so. There warnt much *harmony*, it is true, but more 'n you could reasonably expect eout of cats, because it aint in 'em. Somebody once axed me whether a cat hed a soul. Yes, said I, certingly, but it will be only a cat's soul.' And with that the player thanked the audience and said:—'*Whar's my hat?*'

"Now," sez we to our friend, arter we got thro this story, "you may expek harmony among pollyticians jist as well. You may git em all in a row, git the wires all fixed—every one on em's got a wire fastened to his cut tails—hev a put 'smart fell' to pull wh' aint nuffin else to do—jullike's not you'll hev' em all yawpin' eout to onct—aint no concord, they got no souls, they got no principle. That's how it stands. Every one got his own meousin' to look arter, an' when he's got a rascally job or contrak to perform, especially ef he don't get thro it to his own likin', his own paws to lick. Oh, it's too bad! it's too bad!"

We went on hoein.

"Those views is entirely correct, Mr. Tucker," sed our friend. We might as well mention his name. Mr. Tibbits, one of the principal individooals of the willage of Green-Grass, a man of fust-rate integity, about sixty years of age, father and mother both living, somewhat troubled with the rheumatiz, and a man of sound coming sense. "That story," he went on to say, "is to the pint. It goes to the right spot. Them cats in a row is jullike a town meetin with a demgog in the chair to pull the wires, and when all on em wants to hev 's own way for 's own eends. Some folks say me must hev parties. Paps we must. They hev ruined the kentry. Gin me the best man fur the best place. He may not get his boards sawed at my mill, nor believe in uniwarsal salwation, but ef he wunt steal, I feel to fellowship him. Religion is one thing and politics is another—yes, and a wery different thing now-a-days."

"Quite so," sed we, "just as fur apart as the two Poles. We wish we hed our press agoin, and we'd rite an article about it." Here we threw down the hoe, jump over the fence and ax Mr. Tibbits to give us his hand. He was wery much affected. "The fact is, my dear fren," sed we, "it isn't so much parties, altho we don' belong to any, but because human natur is human natur. It is wicious. Our people gret deal better when they wore homespun, and tuff work to get a livin'. They got too many fine things, dress hansom', and so on. It doosent prove that society 's improved. Once the great Doctor Johnsing see a poor girl uset to werk in his family all tricked eout in jewels, ear-rings, an fashnable clothes. 'Why, Susan, my child,' sed he, 'where did you git sich fine feathers?' 'La! sir,' replied the poor crittur, '*didn't you know that I had been ruined?*' The fack is we must hev patience and keep a sharp look eout for better men and better times when the war is over." Here our conwersation ended, and we put our hoe onto our shoulder and went hum. All things continoo at Green-Grass put much same as when we last wrote to you. No excitement. I am your friend and brother in the printin business,

PERLEY C. TUCKER.

"Music Hath Charms."

THE last days of the House, like the last moments of the expiring swan, glided away to the sounds of sweet music.

In the first place, Mr. RICHARDSON, of Illinois, took several Horns.

Then Mr. RICHARDSON, of Illinois, called Mr. BLAKE, of Ohio, a Lyre—only the word wasn't spelt that way in the reports.

Thirdly, Mr. RICHARDSON, of Illinois, was Instrumental in making things generally unpleasant.

And, lastly, Mr. RICHARDSON, of Illinois, played a solo in the Key of A Flat.

ON CHANGE.

Gay Reveller.—"CAN'T CHANGE A DOLLAR BILL, EH? WELL, I'M GLAD OF THAT. I'VE HAD THIRTY-SIX DRINKS ON IT IN THREE DAYS, AND IT MAY STAND A GOOD DEAL OF WEAR AND TEAR YET!"

Very Small Change.

AMONG the smallest of the small corporations in the city of New-York, may be registered the American Telegraph Company. This Company, which is daily in the receipt of large quantities of silver change, invariably refuses to give the slightest accommodation to any of its customers, but rigorously exacts the specie in every instance. The profits on the sales of silver being therefore considerable, go very far, no doubt, toward paying office expenses, which the very small profit on the regular business of the Company perhaps cannot meet. We know that corporations have no souls, but it is a pity the community are not able to administer a judicious kick to such a miserable body as the A. T. Co.

The Despotism of General Butler.

IT appears that General BUTLER, not satisfied with having extracted the sting from the New-Orleans *Bee*, has lately commissioned T. B. THORPE, so well known as the "Bee-Hunter," to look after the sanitary arrangements of that city — a duty which embraces, of course, the suppression of nuisances, and of all troublesome insects that Bee.

Post Obits.

THE currency that has just succeeded the dead (or buried) dimes.

One Comfort.

THAT if we haven't thrashed the South yet, we can Lick our new currency, at any rate.

Straws that Show which Way the Wind Blows.

THE Straw-berries offered as inducements for subscriptions to the *Tribune*.

SAXON AMONG THE MODISTES.

[WE have long been a disciple of the philosophers who consider Saxon the only language capable of conveying ideas, and our contempt for every tongue but our own is inordinate. Still, we confess that we hardly know what to make of a fashion-article, recently handed us by a Saxon contributor, who avers that he has simply called things by their names, instead of by the absurd French words that are generally employed. We will give his article entire, however, and let our readers decide on the merits of the change.]

Alpacas and handkerchiefs (*foulards*) are much worn for dress-goods, this season. They are made in frockcoat (*redingote*) style, with rows of steel buttons.

Quilted (*piqué*) will be worn a good deal in the country; principally nankeen or white. Very pretty styles have been made of quilted Indian corn (*maïs*) trimmed with lilac and edged with piping. This dress should be worn with the jump-in-boat (*saute-en-barque*). Nothing can be more becoming.

Dyed silks (*chiné*) and muslins are also in fashion. Some striped dresses, with double stripes, one dyed and one plain, have been noticed. They are trimmed with three flounces, and the body, low and full, is completed by a devil of a tippet (*fichu pélerine*) of the same.

The jump-in-boat has almost superseded the cassock (*casaque*) which was lately worn. It is indispensable with a handkerchief (*foulard*) robe, and must be of the same material.

For evening dresses, white muslin. Old watering (*moire antique*) is too heavy.

In the matter of hats there is much variety, but perhaps the boat-woman (*batelière*) and pretty hen (*belle poule*) are the neatest forms. The former should be trimmed with flowers or feathers, fastened with a bottom (*fond*) of white lace. The pretty hen may be trimmed with spouted (*tuyauté*) ribbon, or hives (*ruches*). Boiled net (*tulle bouillonné*) is also used with good effect for trimming hats and bonnets both. All fashionable people have discarded hook (*crochet*).

A very elegant bonnet is made of white straw, open-worked, with a broad bridle (*bride*) of mallow (*mauve*) taffeta, and two shells (*coques*) of ribbon to match, with a bunch of lilies over the left one. The curtain is of black silk, and the bandage (*bandeau*) wide.

"MOTHER GOOSE" STANTON ON GENERAL J. C. F.

AIR:—"I had a little pony once, his mane was dapple gray."

I HAD a General in the West
Who "smashed" a whole campaign;
I listened to his partisans
And "set him up again,"

And brought him East: alas! JOHN CHARLES
Once more did cost me dear!
He let the cash "skedaddle" there,
The REBELS ditto here!

And when I sent for POPE to help
This General of mine,
JOHN CHARLES got up his martial back,
And—no! did *not* resign!

Friend CHASE, this "huffy" hero's pay
Is still obliged to "fork,"
And he and all his staff are gone
To garrison New-York!

But when I'm fool enough to give
JOHN CHARLES another show,
Or "set him up again"—just please
To let "your Uncle" know!

A HINT FOR THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

Patriotic Wife.—"NOW, YOU GO AND ENLIST, THERE'S A DEAR, AND I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE BEHIND THE COUNTER."

A Reasonable Inference.

GOLD pens are generally supposed to be a modern invention. It seems to be otherwise, however, from the legend about the Argonauts going in search of the Golden Fleece, the owner of which, in all probability, was provided with a Golden Pen.

Filthy Lucre.

POSTAGE-STAMPS that have circulated.

A Bad Look-out.

GROCERS and other dealers used to complain that the good old metallic money would often "stick to the fingers" of their *employés*. How much worse matters will be, though, so long as the adhesive postage-stamps remain On Hand!

Good for Timid Voyagers.

WE learn that the last trip of the *Great Eastern* to New-York has been so successful that she has now a "balance on the right side."

This, we suppose, will satisfy intending passengers that she is not likely to heel over as much to leeward for the future.

Some Persons are Hard to Please.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent, who has lately been on a visit to New-Orleans, complains of a "coolness" toward him on the part of some old friends in that city. Now, to our way of thinking, a "coolness" of any kind is about the last thing a man ought to complain of, at New-Orleans, and in July.

SEEMS TO REQUIRE EGGING ON.—General HATCH.

VANITY FAIR

TO HIS OLD FRIENDS THE COUNTER-JUMPERS.

My well-drest, handsome friends, who long have graced
Those shining alley-ways of gorgeous dyes,
Your fitting home—as is the golden air
To those poetic things, the butterflies—

Whose sweet, impressible natures take the tone
Of all that's pretty in the female mind—
Whose ready apprehension knows her thought
Ere yet the lovely shopper words can find—

Whose winning smiles attest the gentle soul
Anxious to please without undue parade—
Whose tones, attuned to harmonies refined,
Beguile the fancy of the dubious maid—

Whose thought descends, yet keeps its dignity,
To easy chat on buttons, thread, and tape—
Whose care neglects no requisite of place:
Details of hair, of beard, of dress, of shape—

Let no intrusive thought of things remote—
Of clashing arms, and rolling clouds of war—
Disturb the placid flow of such a life,
Foreign from all that men are fighting for.

Be not seduced by notions widely spread
Of duty, honor, and true manliness:
What though your bleeding Country seems to ask,
"Sons, will you fight?" Oh! never answer, "Yes!"

Leave warfare to the graceless patriot rude—
The uncouth farmer, or mechanic black,
Or *any* vigorous, restless son of clay—
But do not, do not follow in their track!

There is no sweetness in the life of camps;
Its hues befit not fancies such as yours:
Why, then, be men? Be rather what you are,
Bowing and smirking still while life endures!

THE PULPIT AND THE TRAPEZE.

ACCORDING to the Boston *Transcript*, there is a clergyman in that city who illustrates his sermons with cuts; that is, he cuts capers in the pulpit in order the better to impress his auditors and keep them awake. Preaching to some children lately, this good man "leaned his hands forward upon the pulpit, and threw his heels into the air right vigorously some half-dozen times," in imitation of another calf seen by him performing similar acrobatic feats a few days previously. The same worthy pastor also caricatured the young ladies of the period, by "walking back and forth over the pulpit-platform with that peculiar *wriggle* so disagreeably noticeable even among the elders of the sex."

Now, then, Rev. Mr. BEECHER, don't you feel your muscles working you on to give us a good, square, athletic sermon, winding up with a zampillaërostatic flight from the pulpit to the political platform? Do this. Throw in a few spirited *pirouettes* after the manner of Signor XIMENES, and you may yet save Brooklyn from the disgrace of being cut out by Boston in the article of pious jackpuddings.

Watch! Watch!

THE Rebels say they captured a large number of watches in the late battles. "One of our soldiers," says a Richmond paper, "had no less than six Yankee chronometers ticking on different parts of his person."

This accounts, JENKS thinks, for the fast time the Rebels made on the back track, in the fight of Tuesday. And he further opines that the tick of those six chronometers will prove a tick-*douloureux* to some of "the different parts of the person" of that soldier when he next meets our army "in battle array."

What the Thirty-seventh Congress has Done.

PASSED THE CONFISCATION ACT, AND STRUCK THE SHACKLES FROM THE BLACK MAN.

SHIRKED THE BANKRUPT ACT, AND LEFT THE FETTERS ON THE WHITE MAN.

XUM

TAXY-DERMY.

DESPERATE cases require to be met with desperate remedies; an axiom sharply recalled to our mind, as we glanced cursorily over the Tax Bill just inflicted upon the nation for its—ultimate benefit, we hope.

Three probable results intruded themselves persistently upon us while we held the disgusting pamphlet up to the light with a pair of tongs. Firstly, that our rent will inevitably be raised: Secondly, that our beef and beer will extravagantly be raised: Thirdly, that we shall probably be unable, henceforth, to raise either the rent, or the beef, or the beer.

To prevent these dreary forebodings from glutting themselves upon our mind, we had recourse to some gentle stimulants; and, after having inhaled 1000 cubic feet of laughing-gas, eaten four pounds of hascheesh biscuits, and strawed up an ice-pitcher full of brandy cobbler, we found ourselves in comparatively buoyant spirits, so that the subsequent examination of the Disgusting Pamphlet became a kind of grimy sunshine to us.

It will be curious to observe the mixed feelings with which people regard the subject of taxation.

The man who rends his garments, for instance, over the fell fact of fifteen cents per pound upon Cavendish tobacco, jerks the thumb of scorn at him who crouches despondingly because Sulphate of Barytes is taxed at ten.

Jugglers, we perceive, "including every person who performs by sleight-of-hand," are to be charged twenty dollars for license, while lawyers are rated at only ten. This, to say the least of it, appears to be very inconsistent.

Gas is taxable at a rate of five per cent, while newspapers are not to be considered a manufacture; although the association between the noisome exhalation referred to and the *Tribune*, for instance, must be obvious to the least observable mind.

Diamonds are subsidized at three per cent, while glass, of which they are made, is put down only at the same figure. This, clearly, is elevating the jeweler at the expense of the glass to-put-in man, and must be considered as hard upon the latter useful individual.

Legacies, dreadful to observe, are taxed at no less than seventy-five cents upon every hundred dollars; the immediate result of which will be that people will no longer bequeath any legacies while they have a leg left to stand upon. This little circumstance cuts ourselves, personally, out of large possessions that once loomed on the future with the assistance of a large telescope.

Hundreds of similar little discrepancies and small miseries will develop themselves to the perceptions of all who, discouraging the idea of light summer-reading upon a bed of roses, have sufficient force of character to seat themselves upon a hot window-sill and commit the Tax Bill to memory.

"ENTERTAINMENTS" IN NEW-JERSEY.

OUR city police-reports frequently divert the innocent public with paragraphs describing stout countrymen from "the Jerseys," who come up to town to "see the elephant," and get bitten by less noble brutes during the exhibition. From a communication to a late number of the *Monmouth Democrat*, however, on the subject of an evening "put in" at the pleasant little hamlet of Englishtown, N. J., it seems to us that the Jerseyman need not stray far from his native wilds in pursuit of the ponderous animal referred to. There is a deadweight connected with the account of that evening's entertainments at Englishtown, which convinces us that the inhabitants of that place must be nothing short of elephants to have borne them as they did.

According to the rural critic from whose pen the description of the "dramatic entertainment" at Englishtown dropped, we learn that "the first performance was the declamation of the school, interspersed with gems from the latest musical composers." The writer unfortunately neglects to inform us as to the numerical strength of the school to which he refers; but, assuming it at a minimum of twenty scholars, and according to each of these the very moderate space of ten minutes in which to vent his fury, we arrive at a result of one hour and twenty minutes abandoned to the joyous little pastime of declamation, only. For the "gems by the latest composers" we would not feel ourselves justified in allowing less than twenty minutes, which gives us a total of one hour and forty minutes dedicated to declamation and gems.

This light and airy performance was followed by the powerful drama of "William Tell," which, as the rural critic informs us, was "performed with something of *eclat*"—a guarded form of expression which we commend to our friends of the heavy weeklies. The rural critic is rather hard, as he warms to his work, upon the gentleman who did "W. Tell," imputing to him, in fact, "a lack of rusticity and humility." That the first of these qualifications should have been wanting away down in Jersey is indeed remarkable. There is no excuse for the histrionic man of Englishtown who went and put a polish upon "W. Tell;" but you will find affectations everywhere, and the greatest fop we ever knew resided at Patchogue, L. I. We regret that limitation of space prevents us from giving in full detail the rural critic's review of the first dramatic feature of the evening. If we remember rightly, however, it takes just one hour and twenty minutes to get through the powerful drama of "William Tell" in a smart canter, which, added to the figures already given, covers the space of three hours devoted to declamation, gems, and "W. Tell."

Now, gentle reader, pray stop and draw a very long breath, or else we will not be answerable for consequences. Did you ever sit out a dramatic business for three mortal hours at a stretch—say the "Wizard's Tempest" on the opening night of its performance at the Winter Garden, for instance? You did, and you had enough of it. But they are gluttonous to excess, about theatricals, are those Jersey people, and *will* get the worth of their postage-stamps, be the same red or green. What do you suppose they had, then, after their three mortal hours of declamation, and gems, and "W. Tell"? Supper and applejack all round? Not any. They had the roystering old tragedy of "Julius Cœser," which the rural critic, whose intellects are evidently diluted by the accumulated excitements of that terrible night, spells exactly as we here give it. "It being a piece of some twenty characters," says the rural critic, "and as many scenes, I will not give them in detail." Thank you, sir; such forbearance is indeed beyond praise. The usual time of performance of the tragedy of "Julius Cœser" is two hours and forty minutes, consolidating which with the time already calculated, we find that our Jersey friends had consumed just five hours and forty minutes in festivities, when the curtain dropped its folds between them and dead "Cœser."

And then they all went straight home to bed, didn't they, those rollicking Jersey villagers? Quite the reverse. The great feature of the evening was yet to come, being nothing short of an "Essay on the Times by an able and talented Attorney-at-Law" residing in the village. We have no information as to whether the Essay in question treated of the London *Times*, the N. Y. *Daily Times*, or the Times in which we live. Nothing in the way of a Jersey essay on any sort of Times could have been put through in less time than three hours and twenty minutes, however, an assumption which enables us to compile the following time-table of an "Evening's entertainment in New-Jersey:"

Declamation and gems,	1 h. 40 m.
Performance of "W. Tell,"	1 " 20 "
Ditto of "J. Cœser,"	2 " 40 "
Essay by smart young Solicitor, say	3 " 20 "

Which gives us the heavy total of 9 h. appropriated to the little *divertissement* under notice.

Now, to show what strong-backed, jocund people the natives of New-Jersey are, it is only necessary to refer to the words of the rural critic, who closes his review by stating that "the crowd dispersed, all apparently well pleased with the evening's entertainment."

And lucky for the crowd that could do it!

The French Game in Mexico.

AL(L)MONTÉ.

Not worth a Rush.

THE hats known as "Panama hats," are made of the plant called *bombonaxa*, which is a kind of rush. There is one in a Broadway window ticketed to the tune of $150, but we have not seen any Kind of Rush to buy it, yet.

OUR LATEST SCARE.

We find in the *Tribune* the following dreadful statement, one which has curdled a good deal of our blood, and made most of our hair stand on end:

"Very much has been said by the press and the public in reference to the assertion of the author of 'Among the Pines,' that there exists among the Southern blacks a secret and wide-spread organization which has able leaders, and whose ultimate object is FREEDOM. This statement, though generally credited, has been questioned by certain Northern Secession journals."

Determined to learn for ourselves the particulars of this mysterious organization of Black *Vehmgericht*, we visited the Southern negroes personally, and found that their "able leaders" were mostly editorial ones from the *Tribune*. The mysterious society, however, was engaged, when we called, in

HOLDING A MEETING.

We began to feel frightened, as the truth of the *Tribune's* statement thus developed itself, and pursued our researches more cautiously, in accordance with this further revelation from the same veracious source

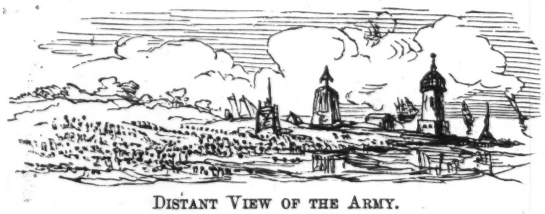
"We are authorized by the writer of that book to say that he has given in 'Among the Pines,' but a tithe of the *whole* truth in his possession in regard to that organization. That while he has in that work introduced only a single leader, he has *personal* knowledge of over twenty, and has the names and residence of over 500, who can control, at the tap of a drum, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND able bodied fighting men."

Our first care was to hunt up the twenty budding TOUSSAINTS who control such a vast army. We commenced the search in this city, and success crowned our first effort. We found out who was the grand highpopalorum and Commander-in-Chief, and proceed to publish his

NAME AND RESIDENCE,

feeling sure that it will do much to tranquillize the public mind.

Having gone so far, we resolved to have a glance at the army of One Hundred Thousand men and brothers. A clever person—not the author of "Among the Pines," by any means—informed us that if we would visit Sandy Hook, N. J., in the clam-season, at low tide, we would see a black army manœuvre as much as we pleased. Doubting nothing that we were on the right track, we took a yacht in that direction, and were repaid by a



DISTANT VIEW OF THE ARMY.

Not contented, however, with this inspection, we resolved to land and review the troops, so as to make sure that there was no mistake. Accordingly, we rowed ashore, and, approaching, were surprised to see what we had imagined solid columns and lines of soldiery, suddenly

PUT TO FLIGHT,

being nothing more nor less than the flock of Jersey crows that are in the habit of assembling to eat shell-fish on Uncle SAM'S property.

Slightly disconcerted, and with a vague sensation of having been sold, we flew at once to the author of "Among the Pines," and begged him to tell us truthfully where on earth he got the idea of the "secret and wide-spread organization." He declined telling, but we are sharp, and soon discovered, in his closet, the real

ORIGIN OF ROMANCE.

FROM VICKSBURGH.

THE people of this interesting town are preparing themselves to support their future inland position with becoming dignity. What were originally wharves, when the city had a water-frontage, are to be converted into almshouses by a process of excavation, and in these catacombs the principal citizens of the place will pass the remainder of their days. The buoys that were wont to mark out the channel opposite the town are much to be pitied. They were brought up with a School of porpoises; and, with the exception of a few of them, converted by the rebels into infernal machines, have long done their duty like men. These poor buoys will now be objects for the jeers and derision of ours. Indeed, the latter are inclined to be terribly severe upon Vicksburgh in general; one of them having been heard to say, lately, that the dry bed of the Mississippi would be a wet blanket to that town for ever.

The "Degenerate and Insensate People."

AMONG other articles for which America obtained honorable mention at the Great Exhibition in London, we find record of a "ratchet drill." It is something—is it not?—for a people characterized by the London *Times* in the flattering words at the head of this paragraph, to know that even one of their "wretched drills" was acknowledged as a superior article by a nation which prides itself on its military tactics. Probably, we shall have some better "drills" to exhibit by the time we have finished up our little family fight.

JACK'S GROG.

HERE is an old saying, that "all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy," and it is recalled to us, just now, as we read that Congress has abolished the navy grog-ration. It was all very well for "gentlemen who live at home at ease," to throw cold water upon the sailor, thus. The well-oiled, if not greased, M.C., with his three meals a day, not including incidental lunches, must experience a certain amount of difficulty in realizing what may be called nautical situations. He can be half-seas over, as often as he pleases, but he has no present idea of what his sensations might be with whole seas over *him*, and Mother Carey's chickens singing all around—

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

Clothed in dressing-gown and slippers, and reclining upon a curled-hair couch, he may think Young Hyson a first-rate fellow to pass an evening with, while Old Rum looms up to his prejudiced mind as the Original Sin in consequence of which all sailors walk with a rolling gait.

Before Congress legislated on the subject of sailors' grog, a proper committee should have been struck to study Jack and his little ways. The chairman of this committee should have been put through a course of masthead in a series of squalls prepared for the purpose, with a bottle of water in one of his jacket-pockets and a bundle of temperance tracts in the other. Every member of the committee should have been obliged to produce a certificate as to his having slept several times with nothing but a sheet of bilge-water over his body, and the remembrance of an anecdote told by Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH upon his mind, before he could presume to deliver an opinion upon the comparative merits of cat-lap and grog as a promoter of the jolly state of mind so welcome to those who "follow the sea." Had such measures as these been taken, the one-sided economy of stopping JACK'S grog would have "gone by the board." As it is, JACK is likely to become a very dull boy, indeed. The sailor's hornpipe will give way to the double-shuffle of the melancholy Maw-worm School, and the festive fo'c'sle yarn will dwindle down to the flimsy thread of a nasal camp-meeting discourse.

All this, unless the Secretary of the Navy knows enough of JACK to let JACK'S grog alone, Congress to the contrary, notwithstanding.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, July —th.

DEAR VANITY:—Of course you know that there has been something the matter. . .

There has been a lawyer in the way.

You see, when MCCLELLAN took the field, he could no longer act as Commander-in-Chief, so it was thought expedient to get a new Secretary-of-War, who could manage the business of his office and of the army also.

Did you ever notice, dear VANITY, the difference between different men?

Some men can do things, and some can't. . .

Now we must have a new Commander-in-Chief.

ABE suspected thus much some time ago. He went to see SCOTT about it, at West-Point. The brave old General received him with effusion.

"What shall I do?" asked ABE.

"There is but one man who can tell you."

"And he is . . . ?"

"MCARONE!"

So, the next thing, ABE pocketed his tooth-brush, and a clean collar, and took the early train for the Peninsula.

I met him with open arms.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Take a cocktail," I suggested.

"But I want a Commander-in-Chief."

"There's GEORGE B." I suggested, "but I can hardly spare him now."

"No," said ABE, thoughtfully, "he must take Richmond. We shall have to look up somebody else."

"There's FREMONT," observed an army correspondent of the *Tribune*, who was playing dominoes with a negro at a little distance.

The President was vexed, but answered mildly:

"No, I want a soldier."

"Take HALLECK, then," said I. "He is a brave and courteous soldier, and has nothing worthy to do just now."

"That's rather a good idea," said ABE.

"You can't do better," I said.

"I'll do it, by jingo!"

HALLECK is no fool. He knows how to manage an army, and, unlike some persons who have tried to direct matters of late, will waste no time in writing absurd and conceited letters to newspaper editors. I am told that he considers the white race to be of more importance than the black, so we may expect a fine old howl from the *Tribune*, *Post*, *Anglo-African*, and other papers of that stamp.

I returned to Washington with ABE, but *incog.* I did not want a public reception, and knew that there was but one way to avoid one, so I disguised myself as a pair of saddlebags, and came here to WILLARD'S without detection.

The other day, as the President and myself were sitting on the House of Representatives steps, the last session closed, and the members filed out in a body. The Republicans came last, and ABRAHAM looked after them with a sardonic smile.

"That reminds me," said he, "of a little incident. When I was quite a boy, my flat-boat lay up at Alton, on the Mississippi, for a day, and I strolled about the town. I saw a large stone building, with massive walls, not so handsome, though, as this; and while I was looking at it, the iron gateway opened, and a great body of men came out. 'What do you call that?' I asked a by-stander. 'That,' said he, 'is the State Prison, and those are all thieves, going home. Their time is up.'"

I looked hard at the President, as he emphasized the last dozen words, but his face remained stolidly calm. You may judge for yourself of the political meaning conveyed by his parable.

My announcement of the destruction of Vicksburgh, in a previous letter, was a trifle premature, but I intend to make it all right one of these days.

I shall return to the Peninsula as soon as the HALLECK business is settled.

Till then, I remain in Washington. . .

And I also remain yours, MCARONE.

One Way of Putting it.

A LATE "despatch-boat," we are happy to learn, brings the "true story about the Great Rebel Ram *Arkansas*." It seems that our boats came suddenly upon the *Arkansas*, "around a bend"—so it seems they were "on a bender"—and a short engagement ensued. Our boats, "finding that the channel of the river prevented successful manœuvring, gradually dropped downward towards the mouth. The *Arkansas followed closely.*" Then the *Carondelet* had a lively tussle with her. Subsequently, "the *Arkansas* passed down the river, *the Tyler preceding her*," and so on. In fact the business of our boats seemed to consist mainly in leaving, and that of the *Arkansas* in following.

How our rebel contemporaries will "chuckle" when they come to read this "true story!"

A Dig at Dignomitty.

WE learn that "Dr. DIGNOMITTY, of San Antonio, Texas," is trying to stir up the Government to do something for the Unionists of Texas. He states that:

"There are thirty thousand Germans who are now wandering in Mexico, having escaped the tyranny of the Southern Confederacy in Texas."

If the Doctor could get those 30,000 Germans to simultaneously "wander" *back* to Texas, we fancy he wouldn't be obliged to trouble Government about the matter. "Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow." Don't toot on the subject any longer, then, Doctor, but fetch on your Teutons. Suppose you wander back to Texas, and try our prescription. We warrant it to operate well.

The Mississippi, to Vicksburgh.

IF you had kept on the Right side, you wouldn't have been Left.